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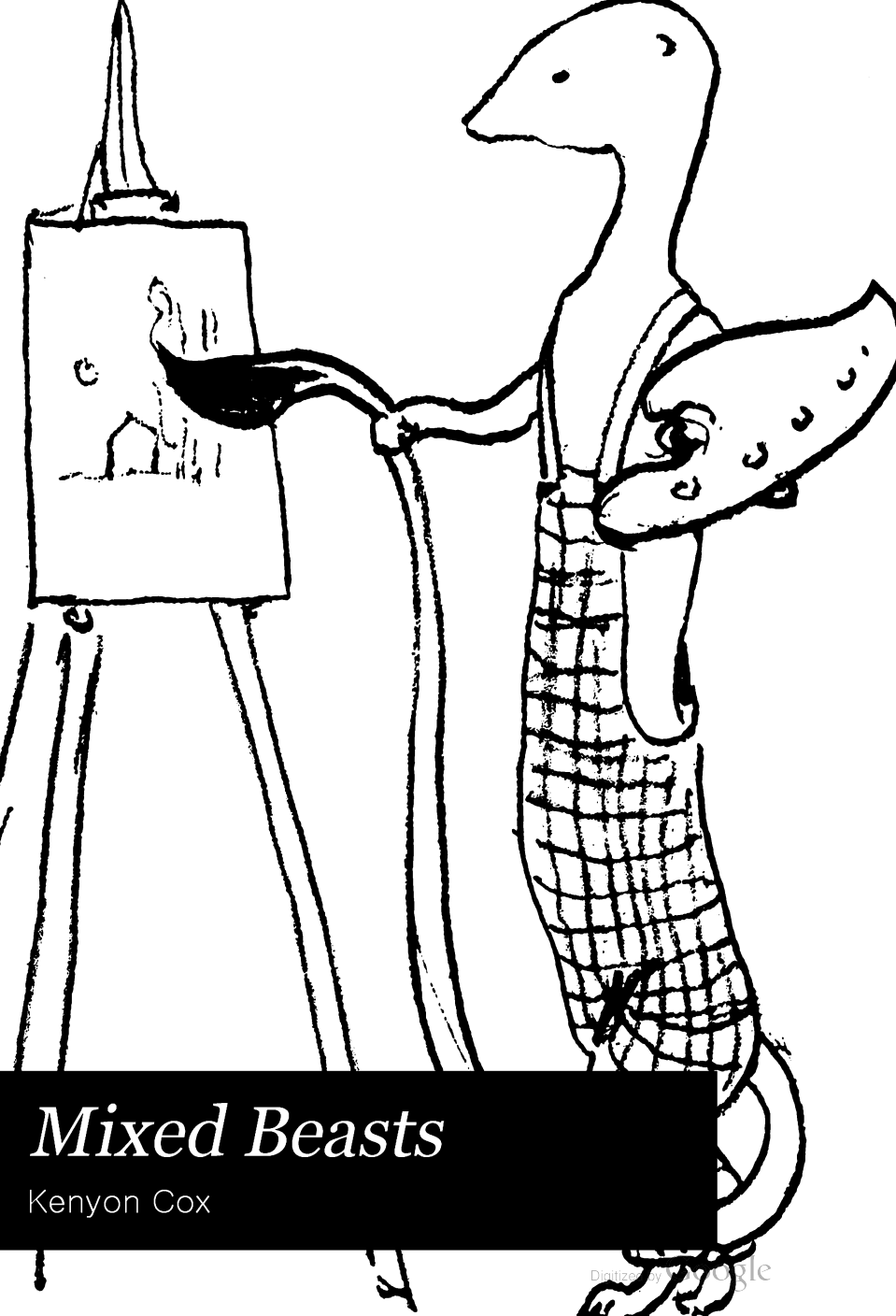

Mixed Beasts

Kenyon Cox

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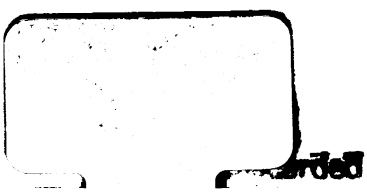

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MIXED BEASTS

RHYMES AND PICTURES

BY

KENYON COX

NEW YORK
FOX, DUFFIELD & COMPANY
1904

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

There is nothing original in this book but the pictures and the verses. Beasts have been mixed before, and I am afraid that some of the mixtures may have borne the same labels as some of mine; but the beasts themselves are new, and so are my remarks about them. The beasts and the remarks were made for three small people and sometimes suggested by them. Should other small people be as pleased with the result as they were, my publishers will have nothing to complain of.

K. C.

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DEDICATION

LEONARD, ALLYN, CAROLINE,
This book is yours as much as mine;
For you I rhymed, for you I drew,
And so the book belongs to you.

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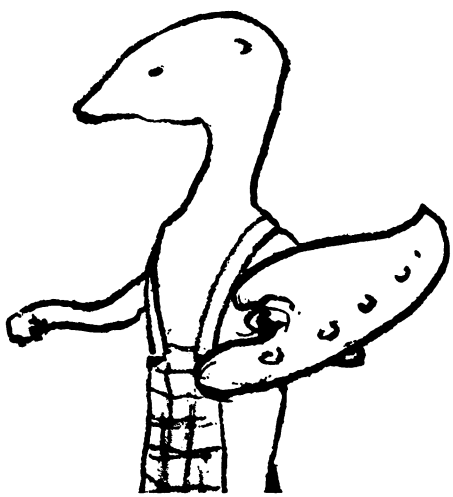
THE PAINTERMINE



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THE PAINTERMINE

Its innocence deserves no jibe—
Pity the creature, do not mock it.
'Tis type of all the artist tribe;
Its trousers haven't any pocket!

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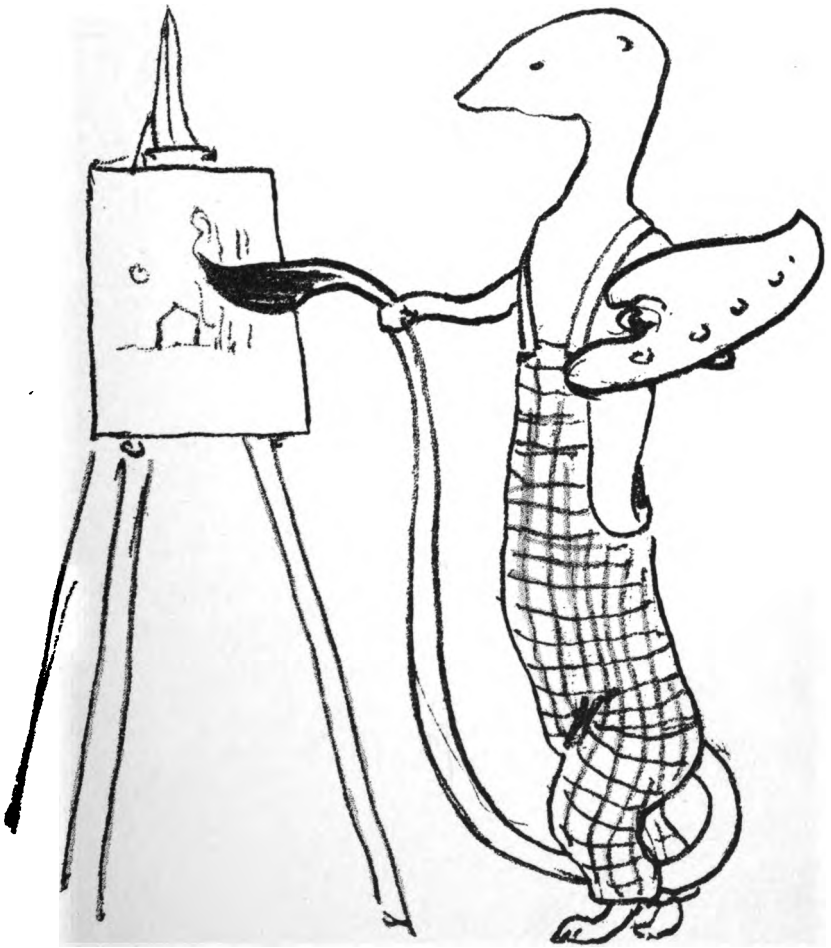

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THE OCTOPUSSYCAT

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THE OCTOPUSSYCAT

I love Octopussy, his arms are so long;
There's nothing in nature so sweet as his song.
'Tis true I'd not touch him—no, not for a farm!
If I keep at a distance he'll do me no harm.

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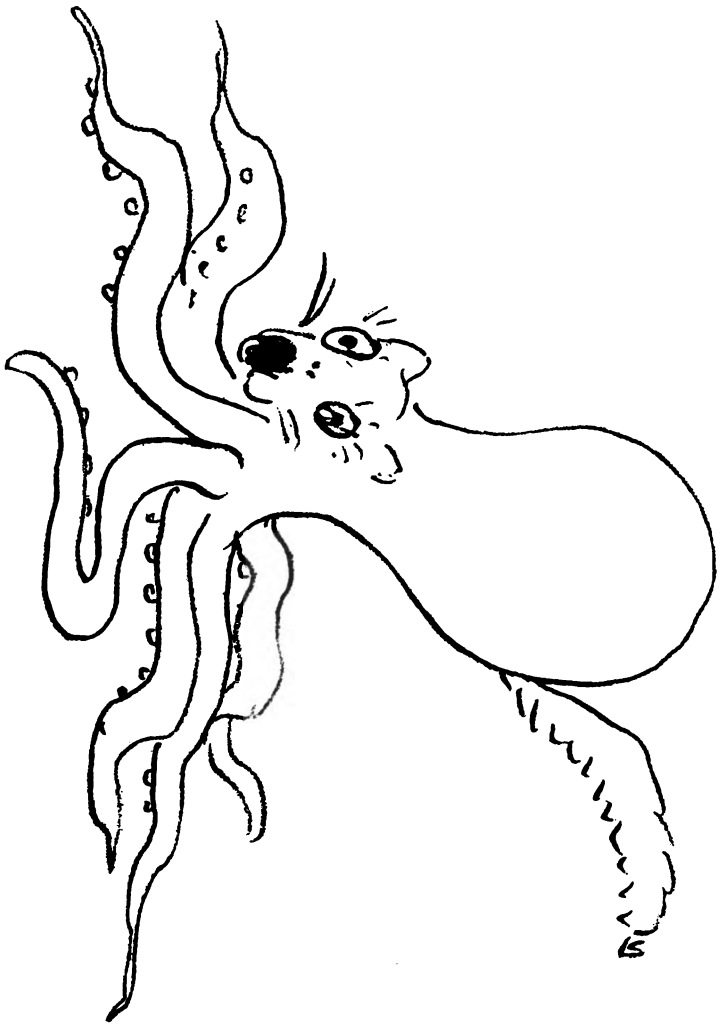

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THE WELSH RABBITTERN

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THE WELSH RABBITTERN

This is a very fearsome bird
  Who sits upon men's chests at night.
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare:
  He flies away at morning's light.

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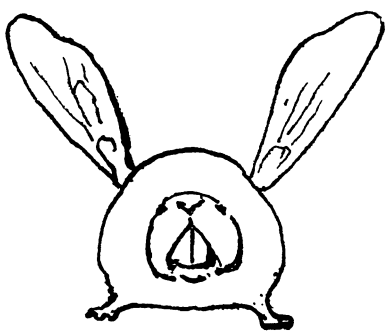
THE BUMBLEBEAVER



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THE BUMBLEBEAVER

A cheerful and industrious beast,
  He's always humming as he goes
To make mud-houses with his tail
  Or gather honey with his nose.

Although he flits from flower to flower
  He's not at all a gay deceiver.
We might take lessons by the hour
  From busy, buzzy Bumblebeaver.

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THE WALRUSTIC

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THE WALRUSTIC

He is not made witty by life in the city;
He's solid and stolid and slow:
Yet put him on ice, and you'll find in a trice
That the fellow has plenty of go.

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THE KANGAROOSTER

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THE KANGAROOSTER

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THE KANGAROOSTER

His tail is remarkably long
And his legs are remarkably strong;
  But the strength and the length of his
    legs and his tail
Are as naught to the strength of his song.

He picks up his food with his bill;
He bounds over valley and hill;
  But the height of his bounds can't compare
    with the sounds
He lets out when he crows with a will.

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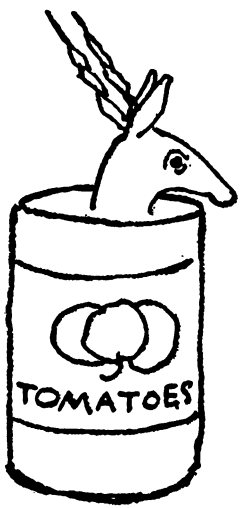
THE TOMATOCANTELOPE



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THE TOMATOCANTELOPE

This tinny and timorous beast
Roams the forest of Kitchenshelf;
And is so afraid of the scullery maid
That he keeps inside of himself.

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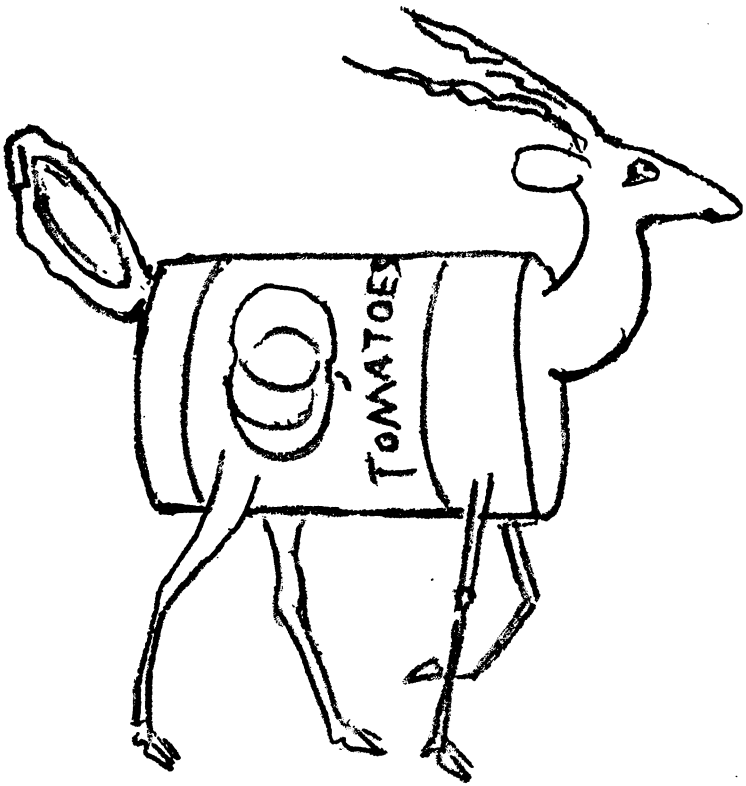

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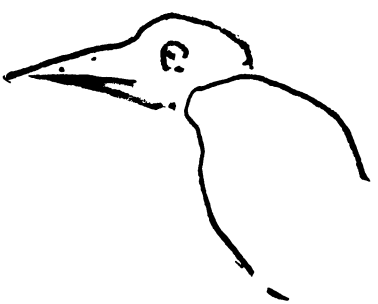
THE PEANUTHATCH



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THE PEANUTHATCH

This funny bird lives upside down
And makes his nest in a paper bag.
He never, never wags his tail,
Because he hasn't one to wag.

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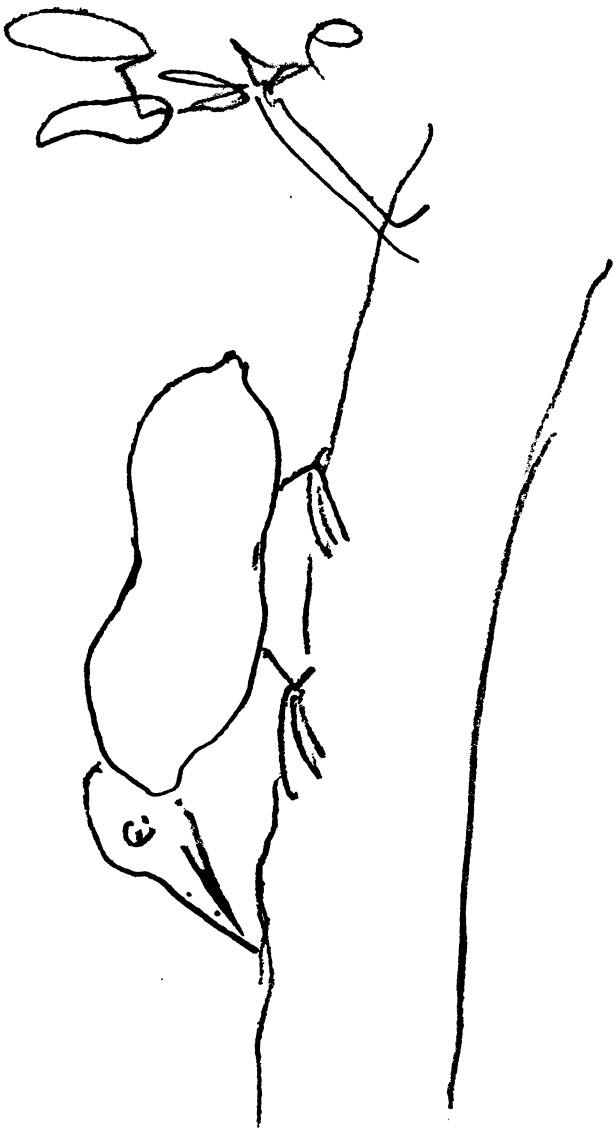

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THE HORNBILLYGOAT

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THE HORNBILLYGOAT

Though he's handsome and bold
And protected from cold,
  This creature is far from jolly.
It's the curl of his toes
And the hump on his nose
  That cause his melancholy.

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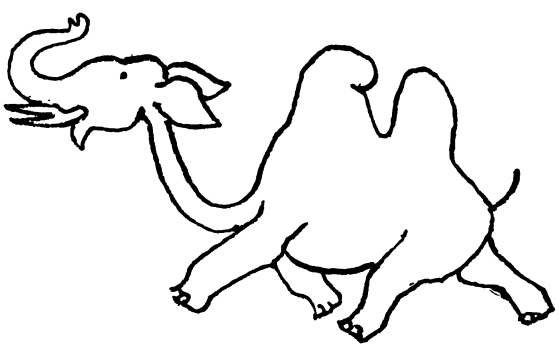
THE CAMELEPHANT



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THE CAMELEPHANT

This is the ship of the jungle,
Whose form is much of a bungle.
He never is happy except when in bed,
For it takes all his strength to hold up his
head.

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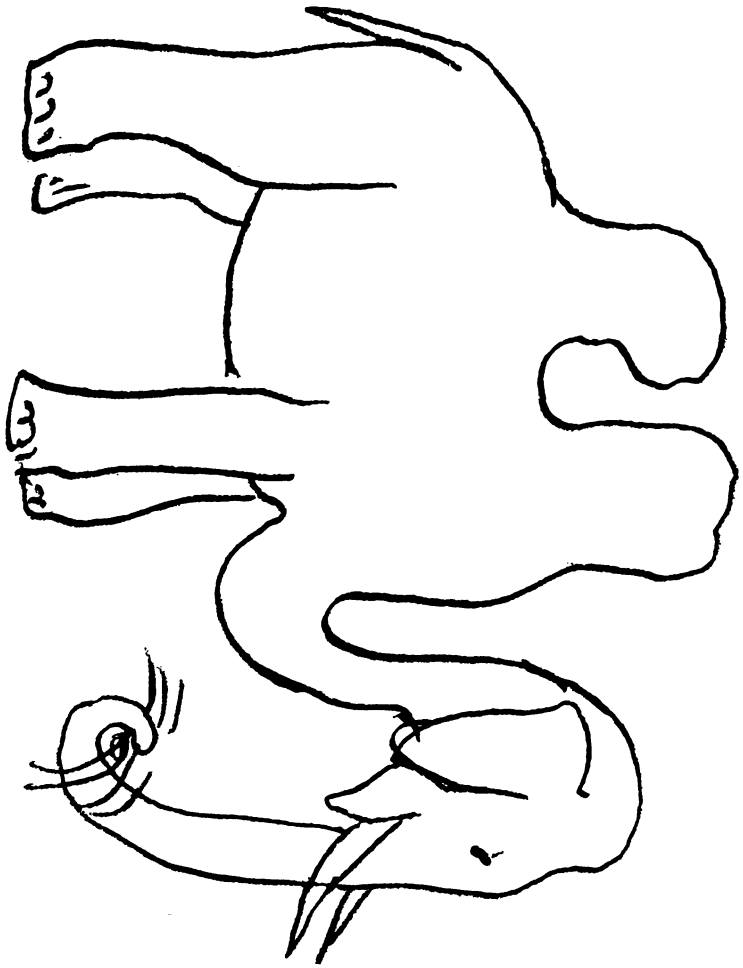

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THE RABBITTERN

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THE RABBITTERN

This creature, who lives in a hole in the ground,
Seems fitted for nothing but standing around.
He stands on one leg from morning to night—
Then stands on the other until it is light.

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THE INDIANACONDA

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THE INDIANACONDA

This reptile offers you cigars;
Beware!
He'll squeeze your hand (or leg, or ribs),
Then, lift your hair.

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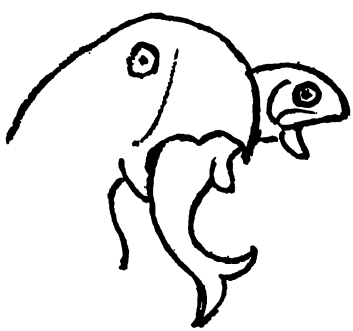
THE PARROTTER



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THE PARROTTER

The Parrotter can potter
About in the water,
Where his coat of green
Makes him quite unseen.

His natural voice is but seldom heard,
But, properly trained, he can talk "like a bird";
And thus he expresses his natural wish:
"Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! Polly want fish!"

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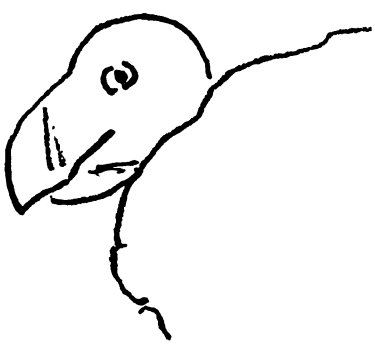
THE CREAMPUFFIN



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THE CREAMPUFFIN

He migrates in a baker's cart;
He has no wings or feet;
He's round and fat and foolish,
But he's very good—to eat.

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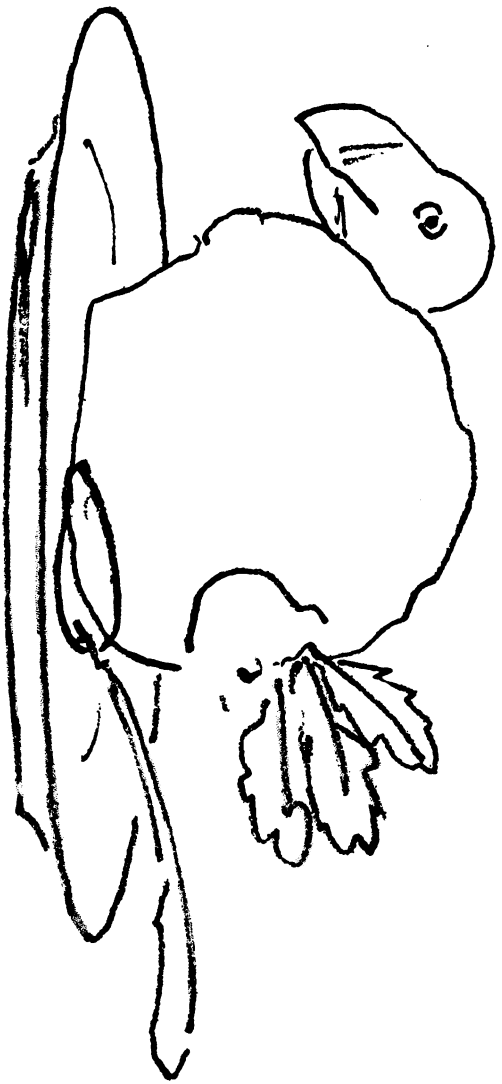

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THE POLICEMANATEE

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THE POLICEMANATEE

At the bottom of the sea
The Policemanatee
  Keeps the little water babies off the
    grass;
Checks the proudest Triton's course,
Makes him rein in his sea-horse,
  To let the pretty mermaid pass.

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THE FLAMINGOCART

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THE FLAMINGOCART

This kindly bird does what he can,
Regardless of the jeers of gabies,
To show himself the friend of man—
At any rate the friend of babies.

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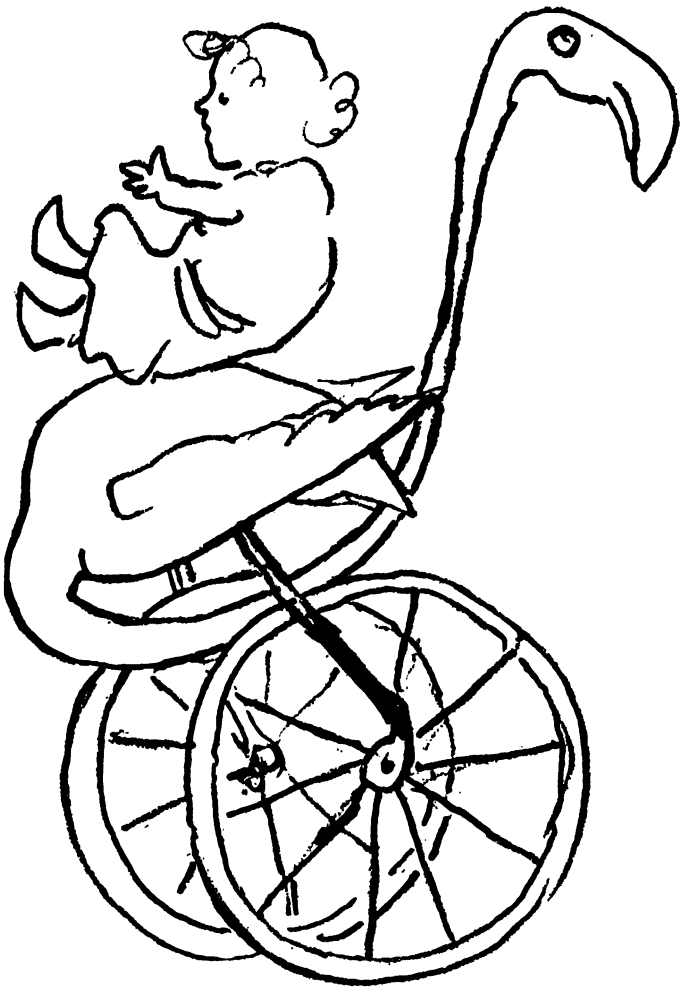

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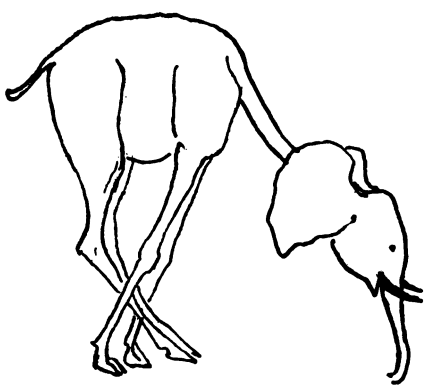
THE GIRAFRICAN ELEPHANT



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THE GIRAFRICAN ELEPHANT

He eats the leaves from off the trees
  Because he is so tall,
And as he has a trunk besides
  He's sure to get them all.

Without his trunk where would he be
  When on the river's brink?
He'd find it very difficult
  To get a drop to drink.

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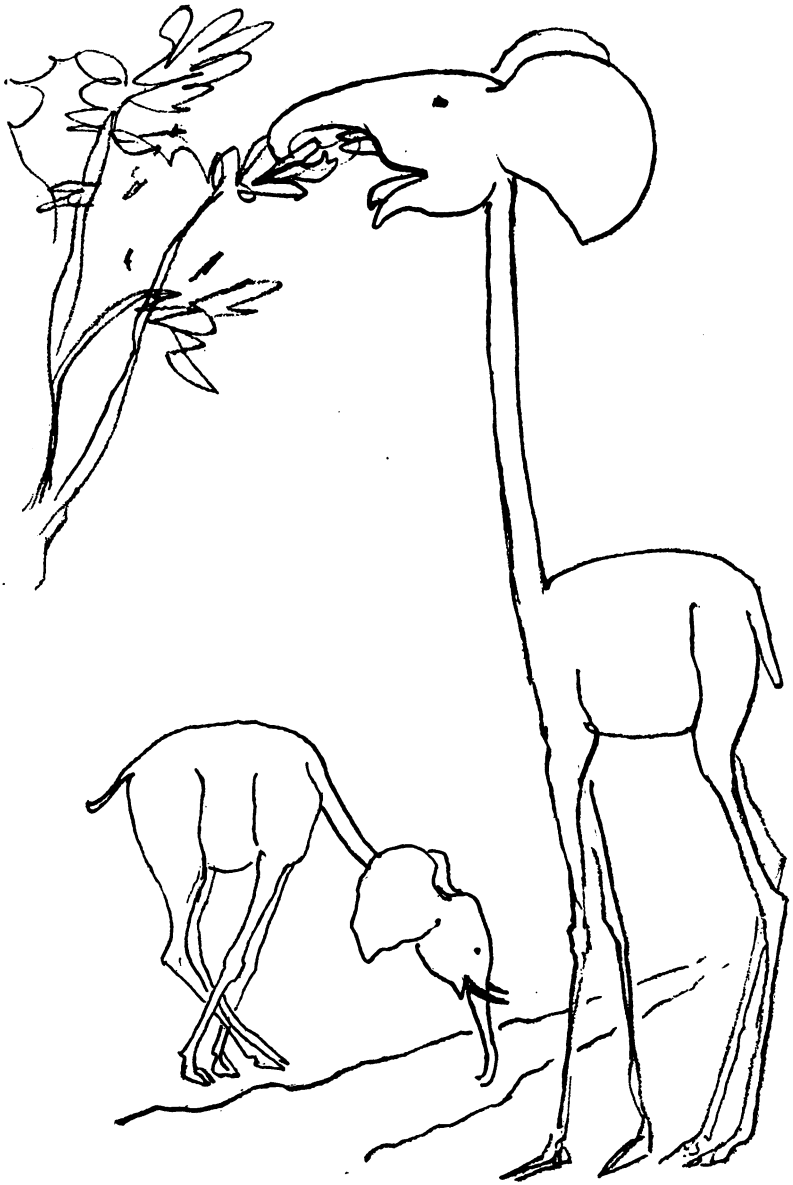

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THE SEA-URCHINCHILLA

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THE SEA-URCHINCHILLA

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THE SEA-URCHINCHILLA

This creature's full of prickles
Just like a chestnut burr;
And, goodness! how it tickles—
Sea-urchinchilla fur!

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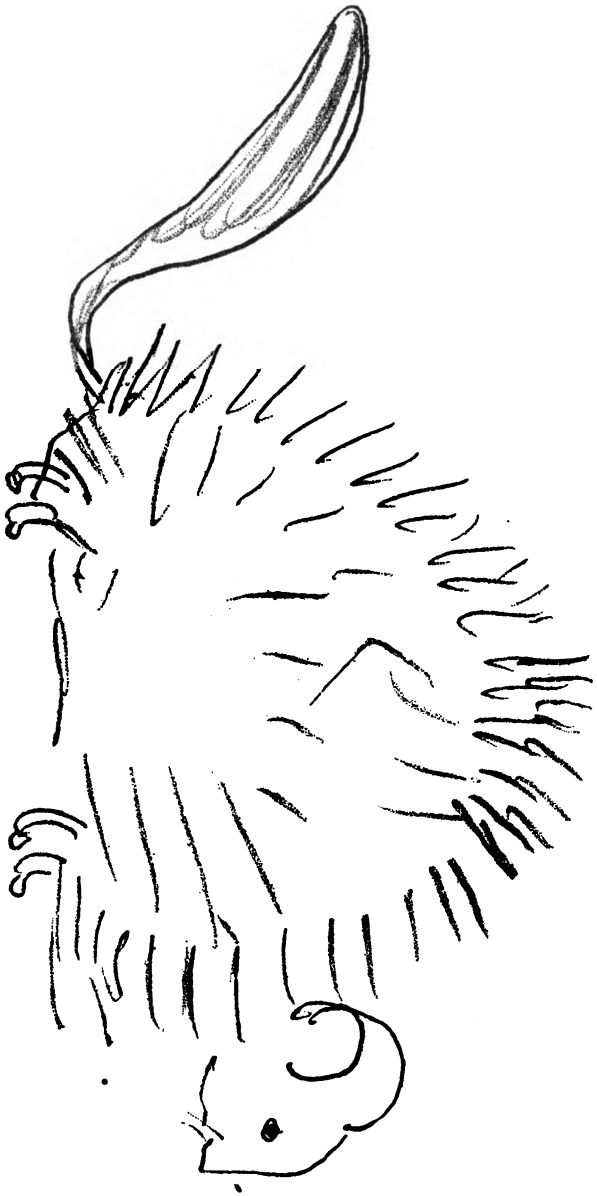

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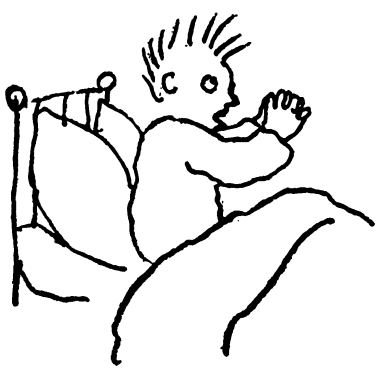
THE ELEPHANTOM



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THE ELEPHANTOM

Be gentle to the elephant
  Wherever you may be,
Or you the Elephantom
  May sometime chance to see.

If you should see his fiery eyes
  And hear his clanking chain,
I'm sure you'd never be unkind
  To elephants again.

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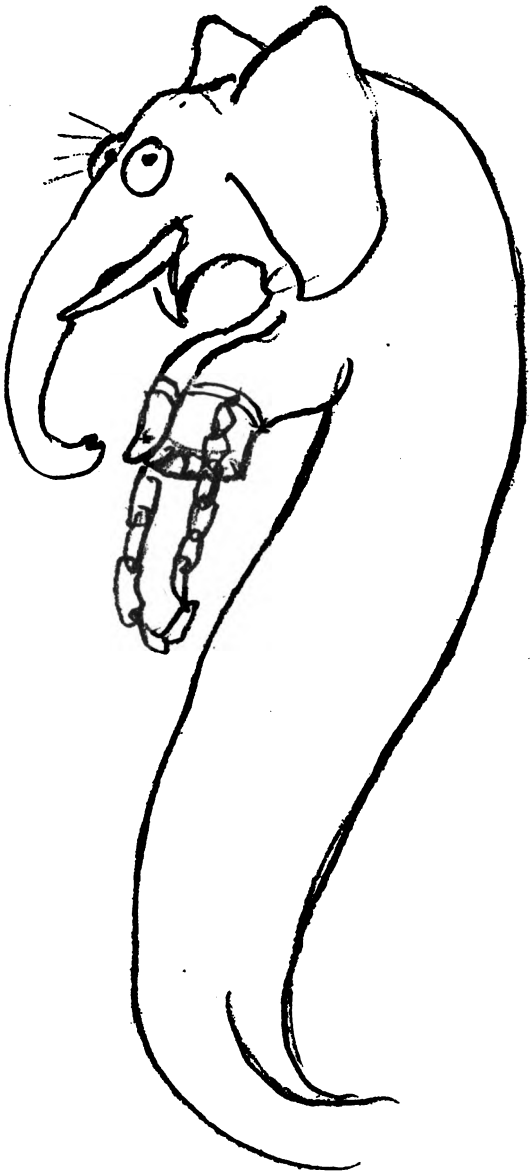

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THE MANATEAPOT

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THE MANATEAPOT

When Amphitrite gives a tea
(Why doesn't she ask you and me?)
  She can't get on without him.
She trusts in him, whate'er betide,
For well she knows his warm inside.
  'Tis but his cold exterior makes folk
    misdoubt him.

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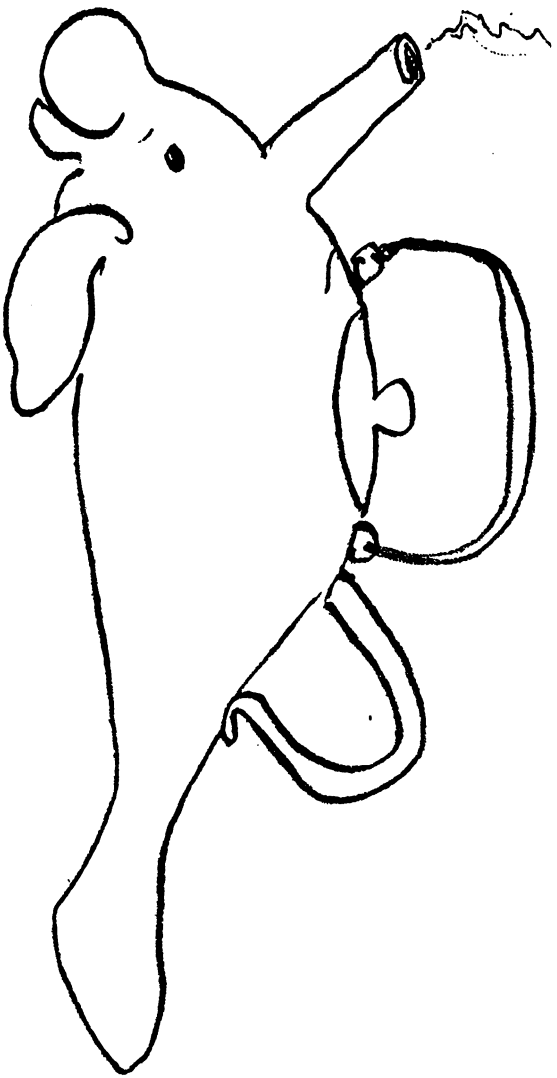

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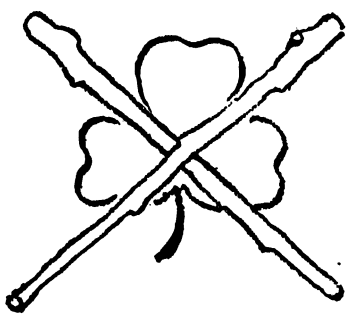
THE VAMPIRISHMAN



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THE VAMPIRISHMAN

He flies by night
But does not bite;
  He comes from far across the sea.
His chief delight
Is in a fight—
  I only hope he won't fight me.

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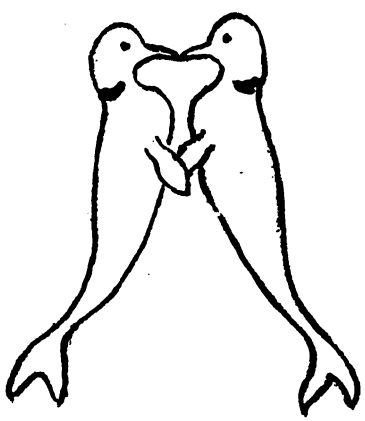
THE HERRINGDOVE



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THE HERRINGDOVE

The gentle, soft-voiced herringdove
Swims in the sea so wide.
Emblem of innocence and love,
It's very nice when dried.

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUSTANG

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUSTANG

O children, note his cheerful smile—
You never hear this beast complain.
He gallops gayly for a mile
With swishing tail and flying mane,
Then stows away a ton of hay
And so begins to smile again.

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THE MANDRILL SERGEANT

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THE MANDRILLSERGEANT

He's very proud of his colors
(And he wears them very bright);
He can scold and swear with a terrible air,
And perhaps he can really fight:

He can make the little monkeys
Think living not worth while—
If you ever were in the awkward squad
You'll recognize the style.

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THE CIGARCTIC FOX

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THE CIGARCTIC FOX

Against the everlasting snow
His smooth, brown wrapper makes a show;
Yet fears he not the Eskimo
Will "smoke" him:

For, were the hunter on his trail,
One wave of his majestic tail
Would turn that noble savage pale,
Or choke him.

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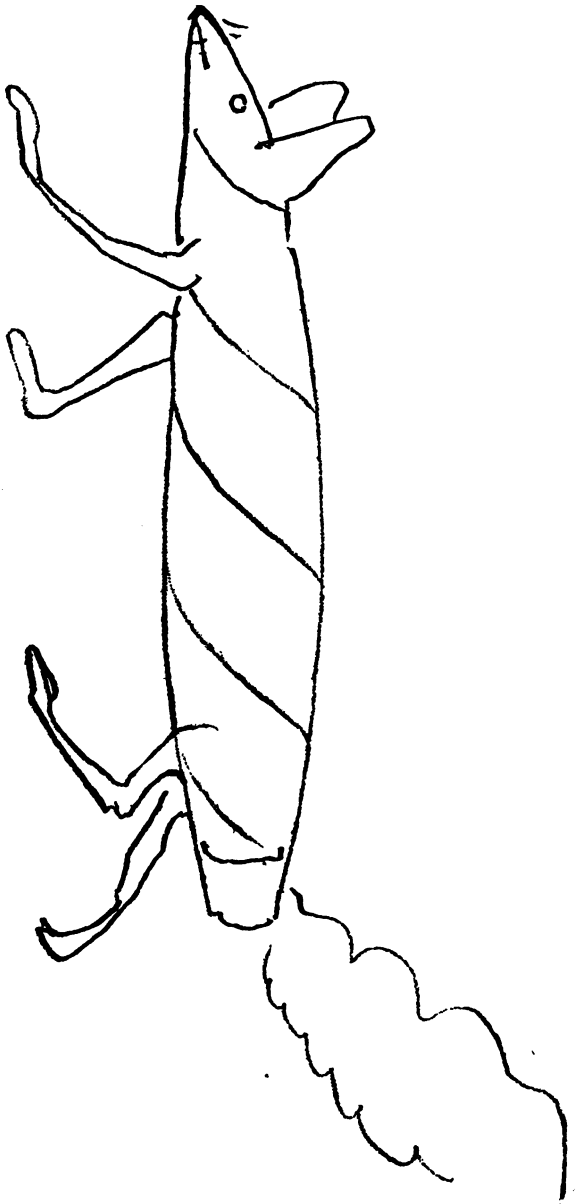

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THE WILD BOARDER

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THE WILD BOARDER

His figure's not noted for grace;
You may not much care for his face;
  But a twenty yard dash,
  When he hears the word "hash,"
He can take at a wonderful pace.

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THE RHINOCEROSTRICH

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THE RHINOCEROSTRICH

He surely is not built for speed;
I don't, myself, think him a beauty;
His strongest traits are wrath and greed;
Yet, I suppose, he does his duty.

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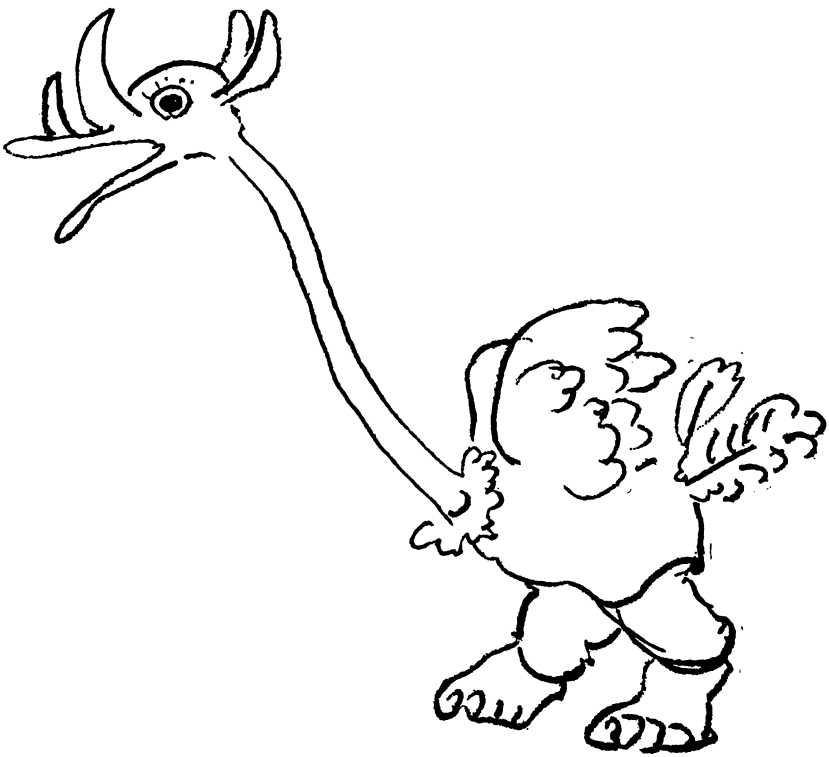

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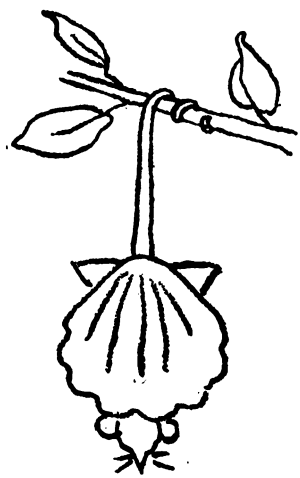
THE SCALLOPOSSUM



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THE SCALLOPOSSUM

This beast lives in the water
But is often found on land.
She loves to sit and sun herself
Upon the sad sea sand.

She's a most devoted parent,
And to please the little fry
She takes them from her pocket
And she hangs them out to dry.

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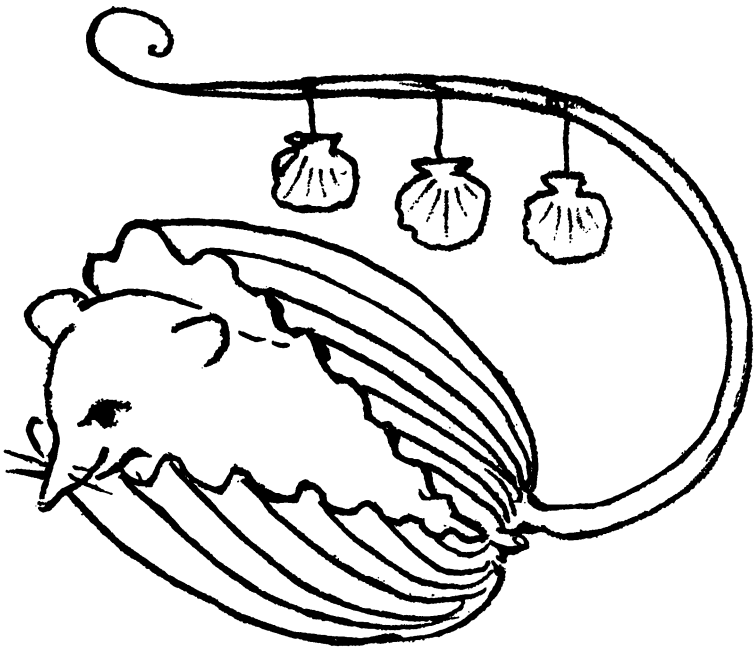

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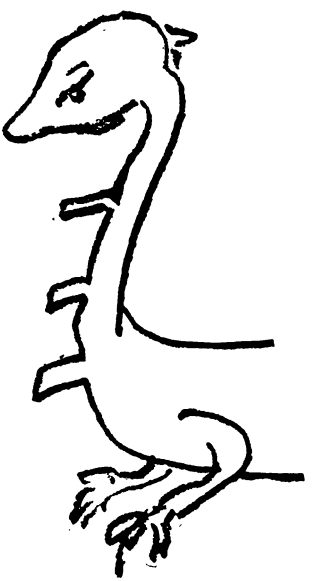
THE FLYING DRAGONDOLA



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THE FLYING DRAGONDOLA

A boat that runs upon the land
  Or swims as quickly through the air—
They'd pay to raise, I understand,
  If one could only get a pair.

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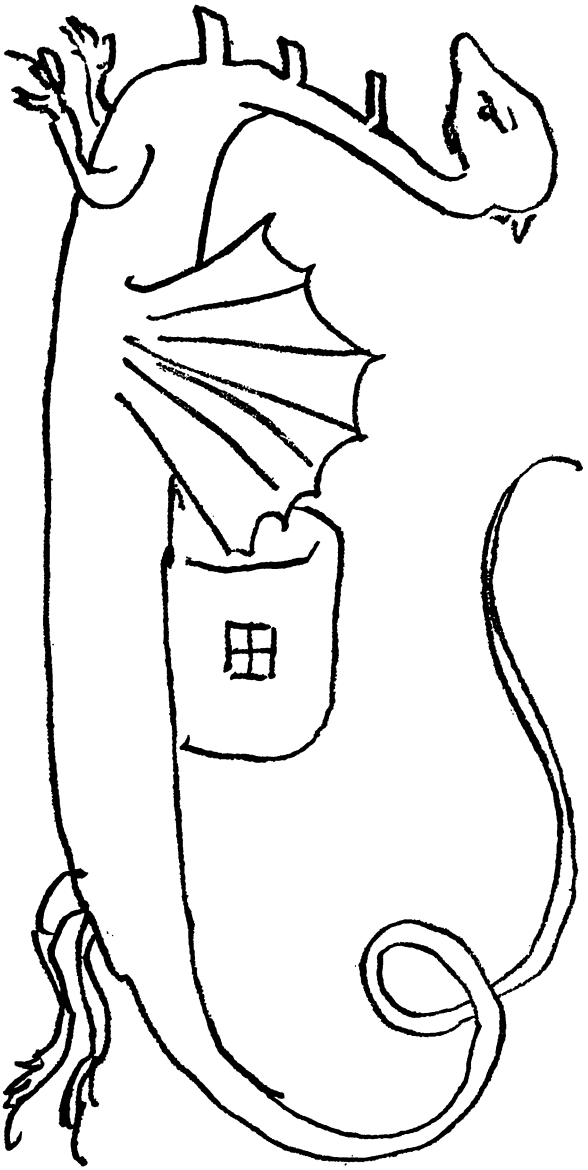

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THE COQUIMBOSUN

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THE COQUIMBOSUN

He can dance the sailors' hornpipe, as on
the other page,
And he can wield the rope's end, or swear,
when in a rage.
He burrows in the fo'c'sle with his friend
the prairie-dog;
He's not at all afraid of snakes and very
fond of grog.

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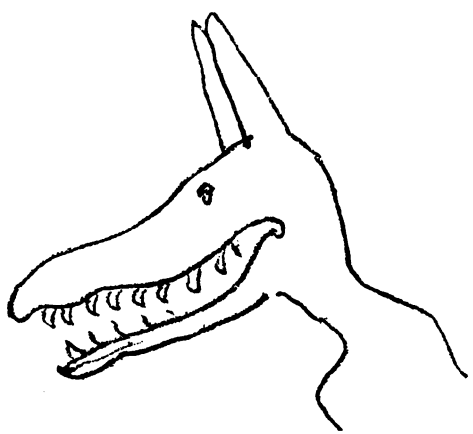
THE JACKALLIGATOR



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THE JACKALLIGATOR

He lives in the sands of the desert
Or else in the swamps of the south.
He pricks up his ears
At whatever he hears—
What he sees goes into his mouth.

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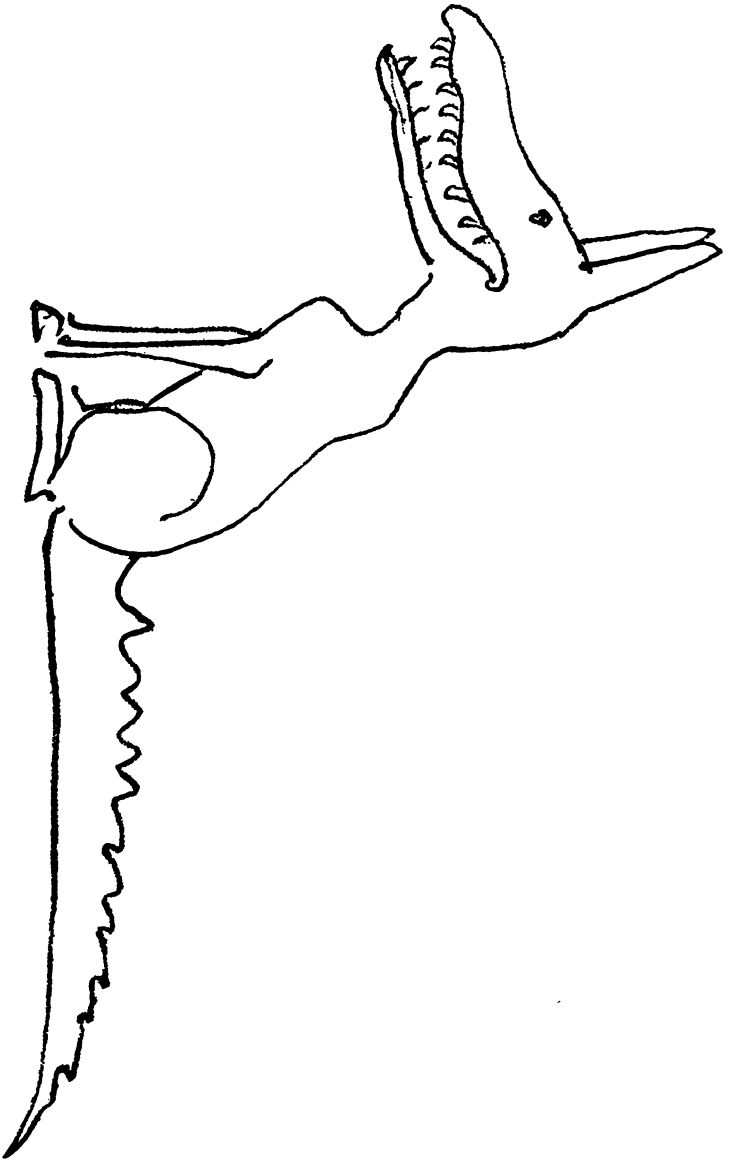

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THE PELICANTELOPE

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THE PELICANTELOPE

This bird has a funny waddle,
But he's splendid when he flies.
His favorite dish is cold, raw fish,
And he has lovely eyes.

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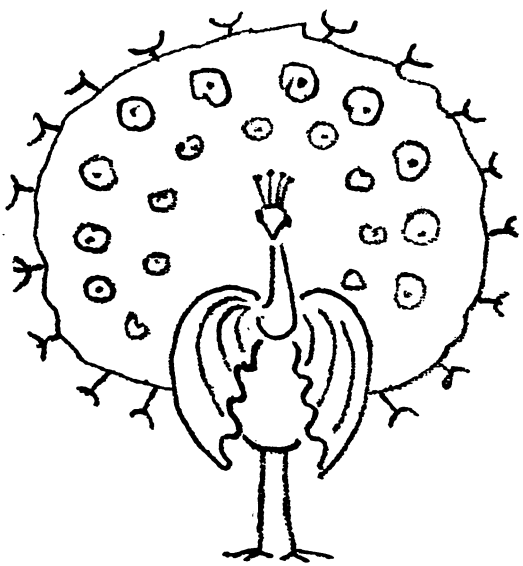
THE PEACOCKLE



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THE PEACOCKLE

Although the Peacockle means well,
That he's not liked must be allowed.
He never gets outside his shell,
And so the people call him proud.

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THIS IS

THE END

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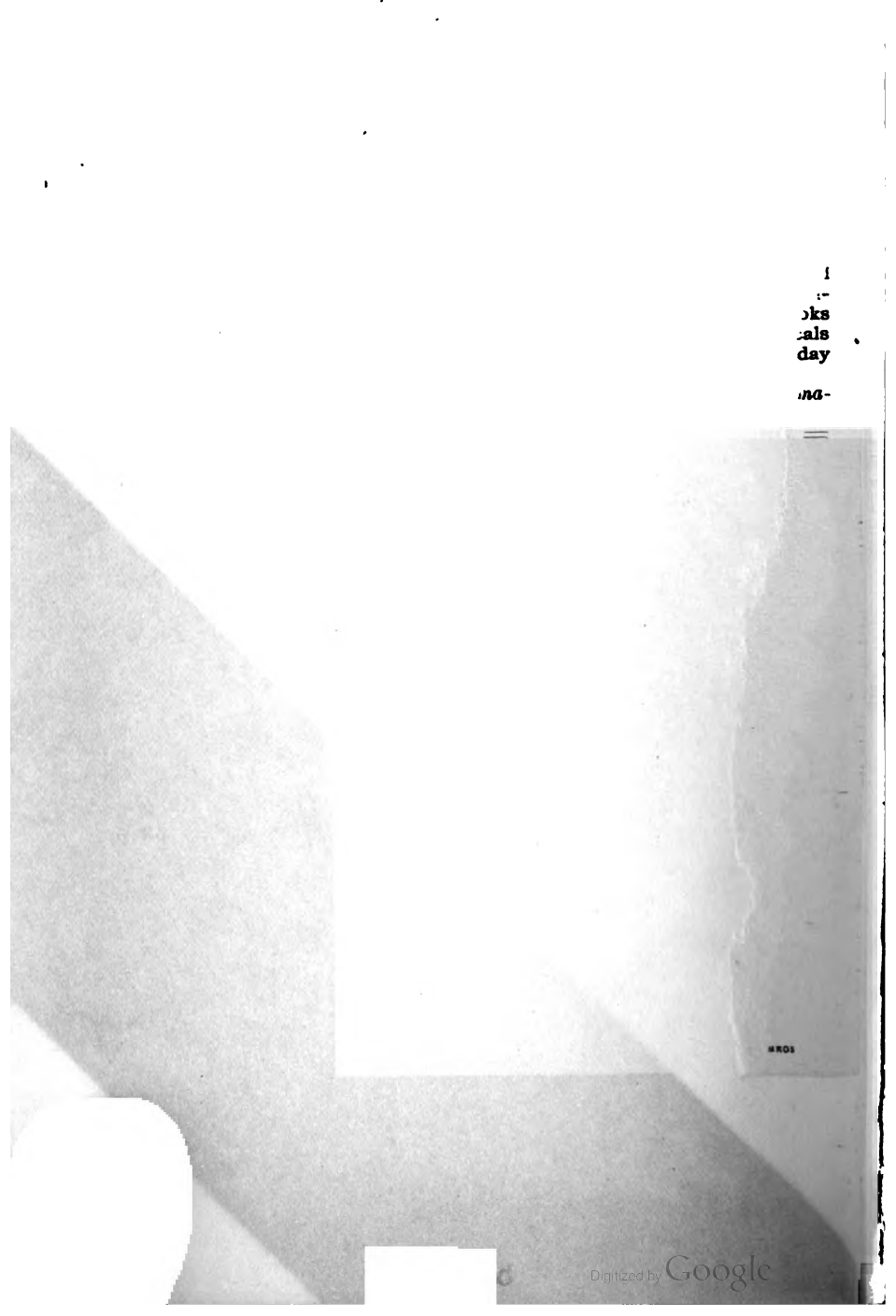
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MIXED BEASTS

Kenyon Cox

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